

The Children's Newspaper, April 18, 1942

THE PLUNDERERS

SLOWLY, all too slowly, the truth becomes known to the world.

It is strange to look back but a few years ago and remember that there were many serious people and serious newspapers in this country believing that the Nazis had some secret of statesmanship which was building up a new sort of nation and was full of promise for the world. Had they had an atom of statesmanship in them the Nazis would have exploited the faith of these innocent people and built up on it an enduring structure which would have made Germany the master of a peaceful Europe.

But the simple truth is that from the beginning the Nazis have been plunderers and thieves. All the world knows that they have outrivalled the Chicago gangsters. If we think of all the small countries they have crushed we may remember the immortal words spoken in Jerusalem, and say to these brutal Nazis, "It is written that these lands were the temples of freedom, but you have made them a den of thieves."

Hitler's Millions

It is one of the curious things about the political gangsters that they accuse all other nations of the crimes they commit themselves. Hitler's nauseating hypocrisy, Goebbels's sickening lies, Himmler's insufferable cruelty, are the vices they continually declare to be the crowning sins of other lands. It is we who loot and lie and bully and enslave whole populations.

And so it is that they hurl at the Allies the charge that they are Plutocrats, by which they mean that we are grown rich on ill-gotten gains, filling our money-bags with the proceeds of corruption and plunder practised on the people we have grossly misruled. We laugh at it all, but it is worth while now and then to remind ourselves of the truth, which is that, by this trick of hurling at their enemies the charges of the crimes in which Nazism lies wallowing, they hope to turn the eyes of their own people from the plunder and corruption which enslaves them.

THE fact is that the Nazis are the most corrupt body of men ever known in the history of government, and that Hitler is himself the greatest plutocrat on the face of the earth. He is the richest man in Germany. This corporal who tramped the streets, who spied on his workmates for the police to make a living, has an income far exceeding the wildest dreams of any rich man in the British Empire. Every hour of his life Hitler's income is over a thousand pounds. It is a very profitable dictatorship for him, and nobody would be surprised to know that so far he has made out of it a hundred million pounds. It is a pound for every slave he has made in Europe.

The Nazi Who Does Not Steal

What he does with his money nobody knows. It must be said that he is the only Nazi who does not openly steal. He does not have to steal houses like Ribbentrop, or plunder the wireless licences like Goebbels, or pilfer the taxes like Dr Ley; Hitler is wiser and has set up graft on the high plane of a beneficent patriotism. He has special funds free from the bothering restrictions of budgets and taxes, and they yield him, for his own absolute purposes, not less than ten million pounds a year.

It is something beyond the dreams of avarice in the countries of democracy. Even Mr Rockefeller would thrill at the thought of so much money. But it has been pouring into Hitler's pockets for years, out of the pockets of the German people.

It comes from the German people in two ways, as a hidden tax on their wages and an open charge on their spendings. The wages tax gives Hitler £3,000,000 a year; the other £7,000,000 is made out of his monopoly of publishing and printing—a piece of political and commercial corruption unequalled in the history of the world.

The Hidden Tax

In the days of 1933, when Schicklgruber had become Hitler and was tricking the industrial magnates to support him, he demanded from them a concealed tax on wages which should be paid into his own private account subject to no inquiries, so that he could use it for "gifts of honour." The industrialists agreed to make the payment one-half per cent on the wage-bill of the nation. So Hitler was sure of three millions.

THE next step in his enrichment was to buy up or take over the great publishing firms of Germany. One by one they have come under Hitler's absolute ownership and control—all the great advertising services, the big publishing houses, and two-thirds of the newspapers of the country. They are now in one vast group, printing and publishing 16 million papers every day, issuing all the Nazi literature which the party is compelled to buy, and making enormous sums out of fees paid for obituary notices—a characteristic Nazi touch of nastiness. From all this Hitler makes between seven and ten million pounds a year profit, solely for his own use. It is believed that he built his underground palace out of it, but we may assume that even the magnificence of Berchtesgaden could hardly keep pace with so huge an income, and the balance may be accumulating for the days when the Arch Plutocrat hopes to escape the gallows.

The Croesus of the War

Is it not a remarkable story? Hitler, tramp of the streets after the last Great War, has made himself a Croesus in this.

The gang of thieves who share the plunder with their master have all grown rich from nothing. The richest man in the Nazi regime was the champagne traveller Ribbentrop; not one of them would have been trusted for any great sum at a bank in the days of the beer cellar plots in Munich. Now Goebbels has a rich banker's house and parades his wealth. Ribbentrop stole the castle of Herr von Remnitz after he had been done to death in the concentration camp at Dachau. Goering, suffocating in debts in 1933, is suffocating in wealth today, with half a dozen castles, a park outside Berlin, and a mansion filled with treasures looted from museums. Dr Ley, controller of the Labour Front, made a vast fortune out of the People's Car fraud and has a big house with a man parading in the lobby who is so like Goering that visitors salute him! Herr Darak, Minister of Agriculture, has a medieval castle, and full power over all import revenues, from which he finances himself and Himmler the hangman. Albert Forster, the Gauleiter of Danzig whose

CHILDREN'S
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NEWSPAPER
POSTAGE
Inland 1d
Abroad 1d
EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

A Snowy Night in Coverdale

THIS is the story of a nurse who got through in spite of all. She is Nurse Shepherd of East Witton in Yorkshire, a dale village with great hills rising above it, and lonely, windswept roads linking it with the outer world.

One night early in March Nurse Shepherd was called to a remote spot in Coverdale. A baby was expected, and her help was urgently needed. She promised to go, but the farmer who telephoned did not believe she could get through as snow had been falling for hours, lying deep in drifts. There was a high wind, and in any case no car

could make the journey along the buried road skirting the mountains, and no horse could make its way through such depths of snow. The only thing for Nurse Shepherd to do was to take a garden hoe and set off on foot. A little woman with a gallant spirit, with nine miles to go and snow still falling, she went on through the darkness and snow drifts and against the wind, arriving in good time at the farm an hour or two before dawn.

The baby she helped to bring into the world was called Pearl, and perhaps we may call Nurse Shepherd a pearl among women.



Spring Comes to the Lake District

Continued from the previous column
brawling started the war, was without a penny and is now a big landowner.

It has been known for years that Nazi bullies forced private citizens to their banks and came away with half of their accounts. It has been known that the notorious Winter Charity Fund went into party pockets. It has been known that even in Argentina Nazis raised charity funds and put the money in their pockets. The Nazis have been like the bankrupt Fascists who suddenly grew rich in Abyssinia. The plunder of the State has become the religion of the Bully.

It is something new in the modern world, yet it is but a copy of the old. It is from the rubbish-heap of history that the New Order comes, the Order of the Snake and the Sneak. An unpleasant world it is to think of, and disturbing that such men can have climbed in it to such great power. It opens our eyes to the fact that Liberty has neither time nor right to sleep until the world is safe from evil things. It must be built on the Rock of Christian Justice before mankind can be at peace again. That is our task; that is the glorious opportunity that is coming.

Arthur Mee

The Wonderful Leader of a Wonderful Island

NEVER is there a story like Malta's, the most bombed island in the world and one of the most courageous small islands in history.

Those who heard the thrilling Postscript of Commander Kimmins the other Sunday night are not likely to forget it, nor is Malta itself ever likely to forget its Governor in these days.

He is General Sir William Dobbie, famous long before Hitler, for he was seven times mentioned in despatches in the last war and was at Mons, and is covered with honours. Who does not like this tribute to him by Commander Kimmins?

"The man who leads and inspires the wonderful people of Malta, round whose personality the whole spirit of the island is welded, is over 60, a teetotaler and very religious, but no remote and austere figure. He is seen time and again toiling in the streets helping to rescue humble islanders from the ruins of their homes. He is a family man who loves his home and all that we are fighting for. His wife and daughter are still out there with him. General Dobbie is a big man, big physically, big professionally, big morally, with a dignity befitting the representative of the King and the simplicity of a soldier. He has the

reputation of fighting with a sword in one hand and a Bible in the other. No wonder he has been an inspiration to the garrison and people of Malta."

What is it that gives Malta the strength to defy such overpowering odds? asks Commander Kimmins, and he answers by saying that he thinks it is three things:

1. The fact that they are a deeply religious people guided by a brave and God-fearing leader.

2. The fact that they are fighting for their island with all its beauty, its romance, and its glorious traditions.

3. The fact that because they are fighting shoulder to shoulder they have inspired each other with a superhuman strength.

Clearly Malta is saving itself by following our Lord's advice to his followers when confronted with evil powers:

He that hath no sword, let him sell his cloak and buy one.

An Extra Birthday For the President

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S responsibilities leave him little time to think of social relaxation, so the C N ventures to remind him that a standing gift from one of the most distinguished sons of Great Britain awaits his acceptance once a year.

More than half a century ago Mr H. C. Ide, an American, was Chief Justice of Samoa and a friend of Robert Louis Stevenson. Annie Ide, the Judge's daughter, having been born on a Christmas Day, regarded herself as defrauded of her rights to a private anniversary of her own, so R. L. S. presented her with his own birthday, saying that at 41 he had no further use for it.

The transfer was made in strict legal form, signed and sealed, and attested by two witnesses, and the document was sent to the Judge. It provided that Annie Ide, on the birthday of the giver, which was now to become hers,

was to enjoy the occasion by "the sporting of fine raiment, eating of rich meats, and the receipt of gifts, compliments, and copies of verses, according to the manner of our ancestors." If she neglected the gift or the provisions governing it, then it was to be revoked and the rights in the birthday were to be transferred "to the President of the United States for the time being."

As we have no proof that the young lady, now half a century and more older, utilises her gift, may we suggest that the birthday request passes to President Roosevelt?

We anticipate the question, "What is the date of the birthday?" by stating in advance that the day set apart is November 13, and we hope the President may celebrate it in a position far advanced along the road toward victory for us all.

KIPLING ON FIRE

THAT is a new story of Mr Kipling told in the obituary notices of the famous artist, Leonard Raven-Hill, who delighted us with his Punch cartoons for 40 years and has now passed to his reward.

The artist was once staying with Kipling at a cottage in Sussex and they were trying to light a fire with not enough paper. "There's plenty in that drawer," said Kipling, but the artist said "It's all covered with poetry or something," whereupon the poet said, "Throw it in; it's probably rotten bad stuff." They threw it in, and we may hope they had a good fire, but we must all hope, too, that there was nothing among that poetry stuff that should have been saved for immortality. It would have been a tragedy had there been on those scraps of paper such a verse

as that which stirs us all in these days when we think of it:

*For all we have and are,
For all our children's fate,
Stand up and take the war.
The Hun is at the gate.*

*Though all we knew depart,
The old Commandments stand:
In courage keep your heart,
In strength lift up your hand.*

The Pope and the Japs

The Pope has accepted a diplomatic representative of Japan at the Vatican, a step which has given rise to much concern, but is interpreted as indicating the Vatican's belief that it may exercise some influence over the conduct of Japan, and perhaps allay the violence of her barbaric methods of warfare.

INVISIBLE BUT SOLID A Revelation by the Microscope

THE virus which gives us influenza is the smallest of the tribe, and is shaped like a ball. It may be said to have been made to appear in the round, and this is the latest feat of the electron microscope, which photographs the invisible.

Hitherto these invisible specks of matter, some much less than a ten-thousandth of an inch in diameter, have been made visible as specks against the light background of the film on which they have been photographed. But the new way of getting them is by photographing them twice over at different angles, and then putting the pair of photographs side by side on a lantern slide, and viewing them through special glasses. The specks, which hitherto were flat black dots, are then made to appear stereoscopically as solid, rough chunks of matter.

The principle is the same as that employed some years ago by the C N, which published photographs printed in blue and red colours laid on not quite evenly, and gave its readers blue and red goggles to make the picture appear solid.

MAGNETIC ISLAND

Townsville in Queensland was famous long before these days, for Captain Cook, the first Englishman ever to see it, made it so.

Across the bay from the township is an islet which he named Magnetic Island because the neighbourhood deflected the ship's compasses, and as Magnetic Island it is written on Admiralty charts to this day. It is the strangest place, a tangle of tropic vegetation, with few tracks and very stony ones, and not a bush or a berry to eat on it. There are fish among the mangroves on its shore and, strangest of all, these small creatures climb out of the water up the mangrove stems.

A true desert island this is, where a seafarer might perish of hunger if it were not for the solitary farmhouse on the land side, where a still more solitary emu used to stalk the yard.

The Sanctuary of God

General MacArthur, the Allied commander in Australia, has received an encouraging greeting from his church at Little Rock, Arkansas. In this church he was baptised, and his reply to his friends there refers to this fact, for the general asks that they should seek Divine guidance for him in the great struggle ahead "at the altar where I first joined the sanctuary of God."

THINGS SEEN

A bride and her bridesmaids carrying Victorian paper posies at a wedding.

Railway engines being cleaned by women.

Little News Reels

To stop women wasting time by looking into mirrors a London factory has had all its mirrors covered with blinds.

The matron, the cook, and two nurses of a German home for crippled children have been sentenced to death for stealing the children's rations.

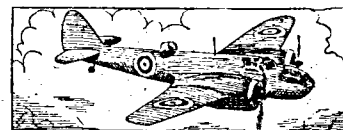
The national revenue for the year just closed was over £2,000,000,000, not quite half the expenditure. It is the highest revenue in the nation's history, representing nearly £4 a week for every home.

The population of Spain is again on the increase, despite the losses in the Civil War; it is now roundly 26,000,000.

The fishwives of Cullercoats in Northumberland last year made their twentieth appeal for the life-boatmen, raising £278 and reaching a total of nearly £3000.

A loaf of bread costs £1 in Athens under Hitler's New Order, and it is reported that people die of starvation in hundreds every day.

ONE of our great insurance companies has noted a decrease for last year of expected deaths over 50 years of age, and an increase of deaths in the twenties.



RAF planes are to be ferried by five American airwomen who have joined the women's section of the Air Transport Auxiliaries.

Lincolnshire schoolboys are helping farmers to double the area under flax; a flax-growing contract has been signed by Frank Dickinson and Robert Bale, 14-year-old scholars of the De Aston School, Market Rasen, acting on behalf of a Young Farmers' Club.

The R.A.F. in one of its heaviest raids on Germany, dropped one 1000-lb bomb every 15 seconds for three hours.

Forty per cent of the petrol used by the Allies is carried in Norwegian vessels.

The Private Army For Mr Schicklgruber

Is Hitler preparing for the day of his defeat? His prestige has certainly fallen low as a prophet of Victory, though as a fighter it never stood higher than a corporal's.

However that may be, news comes of a very dramatic move which may foreshadow his anxiety as to what may be in store for him.

His old private bodyguard of Blackshirts has now been transformed into a proper army, a second German army within the Reich. In the old days there was constant conflict between the Waffen SS, as it is called, and the Regular Army, who objected to the Waffens being fully equipped with arms. It is intended that the Waffens should be the private army of the Nazi Party, as against the army of the nation, and the professional soldiers, regarding the Waffens as rivals, refused them aircraft.

This trouble has of late been overcome, and the Waffens have now appeared in public as a fully-equipped army, with all modern weapons, commanded by the Gestapo and to be used within

Two thousand men at a Durham colliery, striking work for 16 days, have deprived the country of 26,000 tons of coal.

It is stated that 2000 men of the R.A.F. have saved their lives by parachuting during the War.



A steam trawler having run aground off a dangerous coast, one of the firemen slid down a rope into the heavy sea, swam ashore, and ran two miles barefooted to a shepherd's cottage for help; seven lives were saved by his courage.

Northern Ireland is now sending to this country an average of a million eggs and 10,000 gallons of milk a day.

SINCE the War began 143 life-boatmen have been awarded medals for gallantry.

Plymouth's rescue squad is to cultivate land on the Hoe where Drake played bowls while waiting for the Spanish Armada.

Scout News Reel

SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD Robert Sinclair of the 57th Renfrewshire Scout Troop, a King's Scout and holder of seven Public Service Badges, has been awarded the Gilt Cross for saving a boy from drowning in the Clyde.

Eccles Boy Scouts promoted a whist drive and dance which raised £17 10s for Merchant Navy Comforts.

A Scout show by the 22nd South Shields Troop, raised over £50; the money has been changed into Savings Certificates and handed to the local infirmary.

MEMBERS of the 1st Exeter (Blind School) Scout Troop gave a musical entertainment, and handed ten guineas to the Mayor for Warships Week.

Scout K. W. Weinberg of St Buryan (Cornwall) did a fine piece of work by collecting salvage, travelling so far that he wore out his bicycle tyres, and the local council decided to present him with a set of new ones.

the Reich. The big fight between the Army and the Party is apparently to be ended by giving the Party an army to defend itself.

It is supposed that the Second Army is intended for use if grave trouble should arise inside Germany, such as a crisis between the military chiefs and the Gestapo, and at last Hitler has been able to provide his own army with the means to turn upon the German army or upon the German people, as the case may be.

TURNER

The tiny house on Chelsea Embankment where (from its balcony) Turner looked with his dying eyes on his last sunset, still bears on its front a board saying Turner's House.

But at the other end of London, at Whitechapel Art Gallery, is an exhibition of 174 of his works, including a replica of The Fighting Temeraire being towed to its last resting place. So fame lives on, triumphing over all disaster.

The Herbs Come Back

SINCE our beautiful colours were obtained from coal tar as a result of the brilliant discoveries of Dr Perkin, the English chemist, an astounding number of by-products have been produced.

The chemistry of the aniline dyes has become a gigantic thing, and the countless experiments that have been made to produce more colours have given us a new knowledge of synthetic substances. Among these has been a vast number of medicinal substances, the production of which has been the death-knell of the herbs on which for centuries we depended for our cures.

The war is likely to bring about a revival of herbalist days. The quinine we obtained from overseas may be replaced by the tonic properties of the bark of the oak-tree; the root of the dandelion

has proved to give, when roasted and ground, a coffee indistinguishable from the most fragrant coffees from overseas. We have recently been warned of a possible shortage of green vegetables. The herbalist has come to our aid with tablets of green chlorophyll which are proving of great value as a substitute.

Among the roots and herbs and berries of the countryside are to be found scores of substances which can, to a great measure, replace the synthetic drugs of the organic chemist. Even a reduction in the tea ration need not be feared, for "teas" made from English herbs are now produced which are as refreshing as the beverage from abroad, which they are claimed to resemble more closely than some of the exotic varieties.

150 YEARS AGO

In celebrating the 150th anniversary of the foundation of the Baptist Missionary Society it was recalled that just 150 years ago a little vessel sailing down the Thames was stopped by a British warship. The questions asked were, "Where are you going, and why?"

The answer was, "We are going to Tahiti, and we are taking missionaries and Bibles."

As we are now at war with Germany we were then at war with the French, and this was about fifteen years after the death of Captain Cook, whose voyages had done so much to open the way.

WHAT WILL THE AUSTRALIAN DO NOW?

What will the Australian do without his plentiful supply of tea?

One ounce a week is a ration calculated to bring home to the Australian the need to face hardship, for tea is the national drink of the Australians.

They take it there five times a day at least—tea for breakfast, tea at lunch, tea for tea, tea at the evening meal, and tea as a night-cap. Even the "sundowner," as they call the wanderer among the back-blocks and the sheep farms, is never without his billy-can, in which he brews tea wherever he goes.

STATE NURSERIES

Special attention is to be given to the Under Fives among the children of women war workers who are to be cared for by the State in Wartime Nurseries. A special administrative branch has been set up at the Board of Education, a staff is being recruited and trained, and the children will be cared for on "play centre" lines before and after school hours.

Look to Your Allotment

WE hope that allotments are continuing to grow, and we venture to add that if many allotment holders would keep their patches of mother earth tidy it would be good both for them and for their country. Too often the allotment is run on the anything-will-do principle, offering the clearest evidence that its owner has no regard for straight lines, or good setting out, or that proper utilisation of space which gives a high food return.

Some of the best and tidiest allotments are those of the rail-

way men, who cultivate millions of square yards of waste land on railway embankments. Great pride is taken in them and they are a real addition to the country's food supply. Measured by quality alone the results are remarkable. The LMS reckons that there are nearly six million square yards of allotment land along its lines, and so much work is put into them that it would cultivate a strip of land long enough to take a double railway track from London to Dumfries, which are 332 miles apart.

THE BIRDS AROUND THE OLD CHURCH

Eat Them or Save Them?

Near Christchurch in Hampshire are the Stanpit marshes across which the beautiful old Christchurch Priory Church has an extensive view.

These marshes are visited by many rare birds, a list given run-up to more than 25 kinds. They form a convenient alighting and resting ground for migrant water birds from the Continent.

The British Empire Naturalists Association is now appealing to the Corporation of Christchurch to declare the marshes a bird sanctuary and the appeal is being widely supported.

It is surely far better to take an interest in our visitors than to shoot and eat them.

The No-Blackout Factory

IN this country we have underground factories, constructed in old quarries. America has built war factories needing no Blackout, for they have no windows.

This has been made possible by the electric lighting and air-conditioning experts. They maintain that a factory which is working 24 hours a day cannot be dependent on fickle Nature for its light and weather; sunshine and seasons are too variable for the efficiency necessary in the delicate work of precision engineering. So the perfect factory must be sealed off from the outer world and make its own weather, with light constant from noon to midnight, and temperature and humidity which never change.

Hitherto air-conditioning has been mainly a luxury for hotels, restaurants, theatres, and so on,

but industry is finding on an increasing scale that artificial weather is a means of improving production by promoting the comfort and health of the workers. In addition, it excludes dirt and dust, prevents rusting and tarnishing on metal surfaces, and enables accuracy to thousandths of an inch to be maintained throughout the year.

It has also been proved that an air-conditioned blast furnace produces more and better steel, with a saving of fuel.

Having progressed from a time when windows were taxed, are we peeping into a future in which windows are old-fashioned? Is the day coming when we shall put all our factories underground and leave the surface of the earth for the enjoyment of the people and the use of the farmers?

AMERICA SHORT OF SAILORS

Although the pay of American sailors is high, amounting, with war bonuses, to £50 a month, America is very short of men for her merchant service. Congress has authorised the construction of a merchant fleet of 30 million tons, which would need 100,000 officers and men.

Training schools have been set up to supply the deficiency, which is a serious difficulty, for it takes longer to produce a trained first-mate than to build a ship. The production of ships under the Roosevelt programme is of the greatest importance to the issue of the war, and no time should be lost in dealing with the manning problem.

THE FEATHER BED

An old London woman who lives in a village near the Kent coast the other day asked an Army officer what would happen if the invasion came. He explained that she would have to "stay put" unless the district became a combat area, in which case she would be moved, and her cottage destroyed.

The old woman protested that all she had was in the cottage, adding: "I should have to take my feather bed; I can't sleep without it!"

RADIO EDUCATION

Though the number of boys whose standard of education is high enough to admit them to the State Bursary scheme may be limited, the Board of Education are anxious to encourage boys and girls to take a course of training for the Radio Industry after they have passed the School Certificate examination. Pass standard in Mathematics and either Physics or General Science will qualify them for this course.

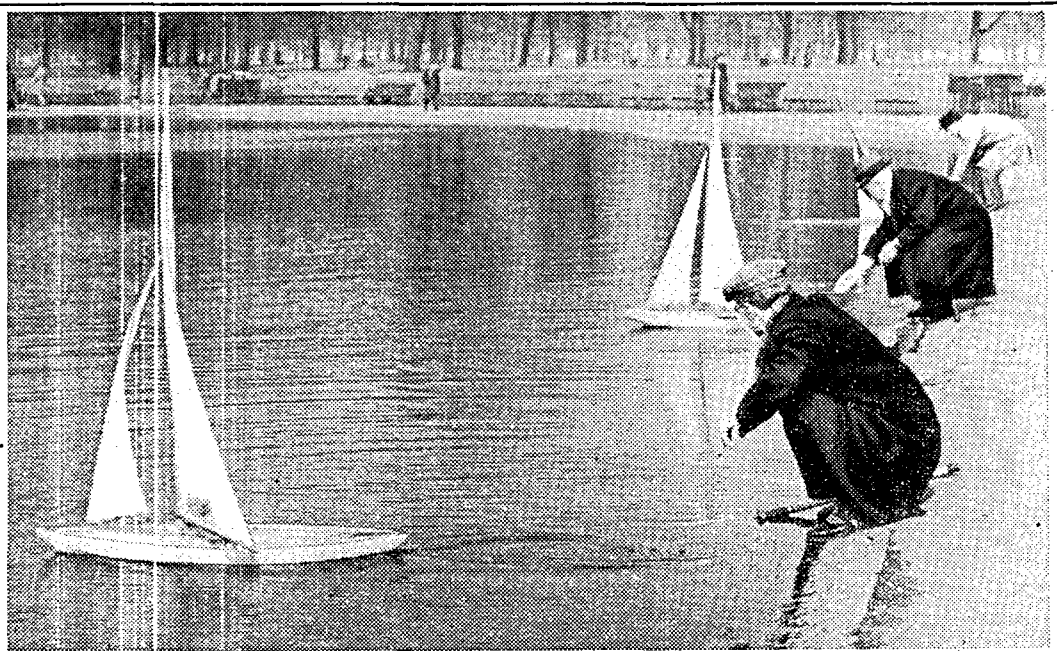
The Duke's Barnardo Boys

Foop is now growing where only a short time ago the weeds and bracken grew so high that it sometimes took the farmer a whole day to find and count his cattle. The land was only good for rough grazing; in summer the sandy soil was like powder, and dust storms were frequent.

The farmer set to work. A special single-furrow plough was made suitable for deep ploughing, and with this the weeds and bracken were fairly well buried, but unfortunately by no means finished with.

When the first crop peeped through the bracken was there too, and so threatened to destroy the crop that 150 Barnardo boys were called in to weed it out. It was the Duke of Grafton who called in these boys, who were evacuees on his Suffolk estate at Euston.

A fair yield resulted from the first year's effort, and other crops have since been grown, the result being so encouraging that it has been decided to reclaim a further 500 acres in the same area.



The Round Pond in These Days

Model yachting is an enjoyable pastime for the elderly as well as the young, as shown by our picture of the start of a race in Kensington Gardens.

A BIRD'S LONG FLIGHT

Wilson's Petrel holds the bird record of 7000 miles in one flight. It does more, according to Dr Brian Roberts, who came on its nesting-place in the Graham Land expedition, just reported.

The flight of 7000 miles is its spring journey from the Antarctic to the Atlantic. Then, some months later, it returns to its nesting-place, always at nearly the same time, and regains the same mate. In its double journey, occupying in all about eight months, it probably never comes in sight of land, so it has nothing to guide it on its flight hither and thither, and must compass a mileage which altogether comes close to the circumference of the globe.

THE FROGS POPPED UP

DEAR EDITOR,—While looking in a small pond at the bottom of one of our fields, I happened to notice a few air-bubbles coming to the surface, and as there was spawn in the pond we waited to see if there were any frogs there, but could not see a sign of any. On hearing the dog bark, I started calling her, and my way of calling is rolling my R's on a high note. Suddenly, as I did so, a frog's head popped up, and so, remembering that vibration attracts eels, we all began to call, and frogs popped up all over the pond.

It really was peculiar to see them staring at us. One came up covered in sand, wiping it out of its eyes, and looked rather annoyed at being thus rudely disturbed.

MEG GREENWOOD,
Fairlight Farm, Blackboys, Sussex.

SOUTH AFRICA'S BIG HEART

Capetown has lately had a lifeboat day, and raised £1500. It was the first lifeboat day ever held in the Dominions, and was part of the appeal which the tireless Miss Pattie Price first launched in 1940.

Through her efforts the Lifeboat Institution has received nearly £7000 from South Africa.

The EDITOR'S TABLE

DIFFICULTIES

Difficulties are the things, which show what men are.

THIS saying of Epictetus, the Stoic philosopher who taught about the middle of the first century, is apt for us all today.

Epictetus himself was lame and poverty-stricken. He was also exiled from Rome, where he was a slave long before Mussolini enslaved the modern Romans, so that Epictetus knew something of the difficulties of life, and we may well believe he was right when he said that difficulties show us whether we are men or something smaller.

The Hitler War

MR ROOSEVELT has been asking for a name for the war, to distinguish it from the Great War and to explain its purpose.

What is wrong with the Hitler War? Hitler made it; let him have it. As for describing the purpose of the war, does not Hitler's name stand for all that is low and brutal and evil on the earth, and therefore suggest that it is these things we fight against?

What About Starting Now?

From a Correspondent

SOME of us who live in farming districts have heard that a Conference is being held to plan farming in Europe after the war, and have been tempted to ask whether it would not be better to begin at home, now.

In spite of our pressing national need there is no doubt that agriculture in this country still suffers from the absence of any plan. Much labour and material are wasted by overlapping. We have hundreds of small farms, each with its own machinery, livestock, and buildings, each with its staff and often with both farmer and bailiff. In many cases crops are grown on unsuitable soil, or the land is robbed for the sake of quick profits.

Would it not be better to put our own house in order before we plan for the rest of Europe after the war?

20 Years in a Glasshouse

AN old friend of ours has been talking to a man who looked after one of the biggest green-houses in Kent, burning six tons of coal a week, growing 20,000 plants, keeping four men busy.

The foreman had been a working man for over 20 years, and said that he was no better off than at the beginning. But men in glass houses should not throw stones. Our friend discovered that the foreman had a wife and eight children, all happy and doing well, and persuaded him to agree with Ruskin that "there is no wealth but life," and to realise that his labour had kept him and his family in happiness for twenty years. It is surely a not unsatisfactory reward of toil that it should produce a happy family.

Reappearance of the Hoarding

IT would seem that there are still workmen with nothing useful to do, for we note with regret the reappearance of a giant hoarding on one of our main roads, advertising something bad to drink.

How many men, we wonder, are at this moment painting such hoardings, half as big as a house, to ask us to drink something of which a Government publication tells us that it is no good to anybody, and bad all round?

Does it not interest our new Minister of Production to see this waste of labour?

THE CALL

HEAR the bugles calling,
Phantom notes they are,
Ringing down the ages
From dawn to Trafalgar.
Their song is one of courage,
Steadfastness, and right;
The day's long weary watching,
Renewed, renewed at night.

Hark, the bugles' voices:
Frobisher and Drake,
Nelson, Blake, and Collingwood,
Men no trial could break.
They're the notes to listen for,
Splendid, clear, and true:
The steadfast voice of England,
Calling now to you.

Robert Harding

SPRING COMES CREEPING IN

By Our London Lad

A SMALL girl stood in the middle of the pavement whipping a peg-top. A frown puckered her cherub brow as the top continued to lie down, but she was not going to be beaten. She went on and on; she was the first sign that spring had come to stay.

We had seen many hints less sure of it. There was the first crocus in the back garden, when it pushed up a spear from the underground shelter. It was so prized that one of our neighbours surrounded his crocus with a wire entanglement to keep it from the London sparrow, always eager to add yellow crocus to its ration.

But other crocuses came swiftly after in numbers that bred indifference among the wasteful sparrows; and soon their cohorts, gleaming in purple and gold, took up formations in the gloomy London squares and filled the borders of Hyde Park as if awaiting a procession. Yet still the trees were sombre, though the blackbird fluted in them, and the sparrows began to build, and the gulls in the Thames put on their brown berets ready to go. Still the wind whistled shrill among the pink clouds and the almond blossom, late, like spring.

But the small girl and her peg-top sounded the signal to tarry no longer. Other small girls came out with skipping-ropes. In the neighbouring street the week's washing was hung out on the line. To small boys the word went forth that King Cricket with the lamp-post for a wicket was about to dethrone the roller-skate on the pavement.

Then one sunny, genial day our neighbour's cat came out to take up a cosy place on one of the sandbags left at our doorstep by the benevolent council, and sat there blinking at the sun in undisturbed content. Now the spring is at the flood. The trees are flushed with green plumage, the window boxes are bright with hyacinth and daffodil. Soon we shall be thinking how swiftly the lilacs come and go! All is in train for the show. But to my mind the turn of the tide came with the cat and the cherub, the small girl and her reluctant peg-top.

THESE THREE

WHEN a Kansas Red Indian the other day introduced his family at a meeting he thus described them:

I am Brave Eagle; this is my son Fighting Bird; and this is my grandson Four-Engined Bomber.

JUST AN IDEA

To be entirely successful, we were reading the other day, is no part of our problem, but to choose successfully a right object to aim at—that is the great thing.

IS THERE A CHANCE FOR EVERY BOY?

These Poor Lads Made the World Rich

WE are born to a marvellous heritage, all of us, to wealth beyond the dreams of millionaires, and it is an inspiration that half of it has come from poor boys. Think what some poor men have given to the world.

When we are told that the world is going to the dogs we do well to remember that the same thing has been said in all generations.

Shakespeare was the son of a tradesman of Stratford who rides into history because he had a rubbish-heap at his front door. Shakespeare, the poacher and deer-stealer, the tramp on the roads, the youth holding horses outside a London theatre—does he not serve alone to glorify the order from which he sprang? There will always be a difference of opinion whether Shakespeare was greater than Homer, but both were poor, for Homer, the Father of Poetry, was a blind, begging minstrel.

Literary Men

Ben Jonson, whose epitaph is the shortest and among the most delightful in the Abbey, had little more money than his greater rival; for, if Shakespeare held horses, Ben laid bricks.

Who are the men we love best in literature? Certainly among them are Samuel Johnson and Charles Lamb. Poor Johnson, sent by charity to Oxford, was so impoverished that his toes were through his boots; and when he was making the dictionary which immortalised him he was so ragged and shabby that he ate his dinner at his publisher's house behind a screen so that the company in the dining-room should not see and despise his condition. Two days and nights at a time he walked the streets of London without a crumb of food. And Lamb, most beloved of essayists, was the needy son of a domestic servant.

We could go on to trace the flood of genius coursing through the veins of Keats, the ostler's son; of Carlyle, the mason's son; of Dickens, who began life pasting on labels in a blacking factory; down to our own day, when one of our most charming poets has known the hard lot of a one-legged tramp. What would English literature be without the poor man's pages?

Poor Columbus

And now take exploration, the opening of the gates of the earth. Columbus was a poor wool-comber's son who combed wool and earned his living as a ship's boy before he was fourteen. There is not a boy in the British Navy now as poor as Columbus was when he went roving the seaway that was to lead him to the discovery of a New World. Captain Cook was the starveling

son of an agricultural labourer. David Livingstone came from a poverty-stricken Scottish home, and the happiest memory of his youth was the day when he laid in his mother's lap the first half-crown he earned by a week's hard work in a cotton-mill. It was wealth to them.

Livingstone and Stanley

One of the great moments of modern history was when Sir Henry Stanley, sent out to find Livingstone, found him in the midst of Africa, and the two great figures in the scene were poor boys, one of whom had worked 14 years in the grinding misery of an old cotton-mill, and one who had lived through 16 years of suffering in a workhouse. The mill boy and the workhouse boy met as heroes on the Dark Continent, the whole world wondering when the tale was told.

Life would be intolerable now without our railways, but the world had to wait for them till a pitman who did not know his alphabet gave us the first engine. We had no gas-lighting, but only candles of tallow and rushlights, till a rough wheelwright from Ayrshire sat down in his spare hours to invent it. The men who gave us trains and gas and steamships and canals could often neither read nor write, but had to work out problems in their heads.

Cotton is one of our chief industries, and all who pioneered its first great steps were poor. Arkwright, the real father of the cotton trade, was an uneducated barber, ragged, pinched, and hungry, when he worked out his invention. Crompton, inventor of the spinning mule, was so poor that to eke out his living he had to play in a theatre band at night after working on the land and at the loom all day. Hargreaves, who gave us the spinning jenny, was a poor weaver of Blackburn.

A Blacksmith's Son

Who can say what the world owes to Michael Faraday, father of electro-magnetism and of the dynamo, the man who first, in a burst of vision, predicted the existence of radiant matter and led us forward to the discovery of radium? Faraday was a blacksmith's son, who sailed out into life as a bookbinder's apprentice. Sir Humphry Davy, his master in science, was a wood-carver's son in Cornwall. Science and industry should bare their heads when the names of these poor boys are mentioned and may be thankful that poverty made them electricians when riches might have spoiled them.

Science is the opportunity of the learned, the realm in which a rich man may find fame; but science has never been an aristocrat's preserve. Hugh Miller, a

Under the Editor's Table

ELECTRICAL engineers have invented a wonderful new bulb. They make light of it.

WE read that the balloon barrage girls sing like linnets. And the balloons are often up to larks.

VERY little paper is dropped in London now. Everybody is ready for a scrap.

GERMANY is ripe for defeat. Hitler is rotten.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



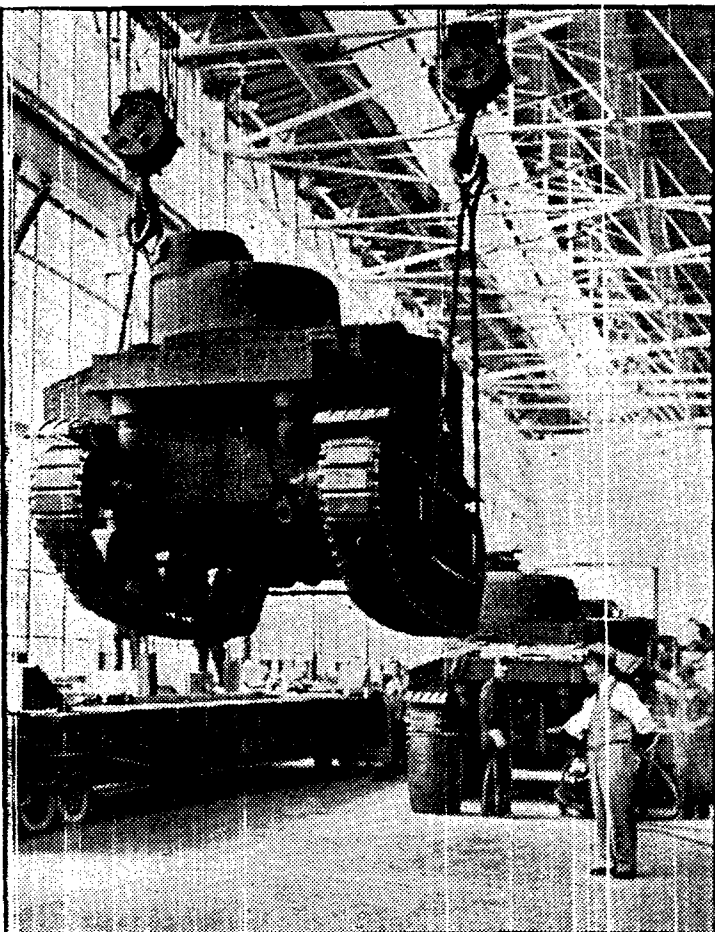
If a straight man makes a good ruler

RAILWAY porters have been urged to put their backs into their jobs. Or their jobs on their backs?

WE must defend our right of free speech. If we don't we shall pay for it.

COMMITTEES waste a lot of time. But secretaries keep the minutes.

WATER is hard in some districts. Boys think that a solid reason for not washing.



A Tank Takes a Ride
A 28-ton tank made in the Chrysler works at Detroit being lifted on to a railway wagon for delivery to the United States Army

Continued from the previous column

brilliant geologist and a noble man, was a working mason. The first telescope, declared impossible by Sir Isaac Newton, was made by a poor silk weaver. Modern surgery does wonders now, things our grandparents would have called miraculous—and it does them because a village baker's son discovered the powers of chloroform in putting patients to sleep during an operation; and because a tanner's son led to the conquest of the poisonous germs which made operations perilous to life; the one was Simpson, the other Lister. The examples are boundless, in science and in art.

In art the poor challenge comparison with the work of the sons of leisure and luxury, and we may turn to any era we choose for proof of it. Genius came from a peasant's hovel when Giotto was taken from minding sheep on a hillside to develop his natural talent of scrawling pictures with chalk on the face of rocks. Canova, who first taught us to value the Elgin Marbles, was a kitchen boy when he took to the studio, and Quentin Matsys left a blacksmith's anvil to put on canvas some of the chief glories of Flemish art. Tintoretto was a dyer's son; Rembrandt was the hope and heir of a small miller.

Jean Francois Millet was a peasant till the call of the artist summoned him to the work which led to his painting the immortal Angelus. Our great Turner worked as a barber with his father; Romney, whose

pictures are almost priceless now, was once a carpenter; Constable worked in a corn-mill; Chantrey was so pinched by poverty that he worked in a garret with a candle stuck in his cap because he could not afford to light up his studio in the rafters.

But this story of great lives of poor men, and its inspiration and romance, is beyond all telling. Many a powerful sermon might be preached from this text, beginning with the Carpenter of Nazareth, and not ending, necessarily, with the Peasant Maid of France. The truth is that there is nothing to fear but all to hope for in having to struggle in this world.

The Invalids

Not even invalids are to be ruled out, for invalids achieve marvels. Think of Darwin. Nobody stirred the imagination of the nineteenth century world more than he, yet he was throughout his life an invalid. His great ally, Professor Huxley, suffered all his days from illness contracted early in manhood in the operating theatre of a hospital; and their friend and associate Herbert Spencer, once a railway clerk in the poorest circumstances, went through life with his finger on his pulse, so to speak; never really well.

The truth is that if the poor are always with us, they have always played their part. Since twelve plain men set out to follow Christ in Galilee, plain men and poor have carried on His work and made life happier for all our race.

CARRY ON

APRIL

APRIL, April,
Laugh thy girlish laughter;
Then, the moment after,
Weep thy girlish tears!
April, that mine ears
Like a lover greetest,
If I tell thee, sweetest,
All my hopes and fears,
April, April,
Laugh thy golden laughter,
But, the moment after,
Weep thy golden tears!

William Watson

Deeds, Not Stones

MONUMENTS? What are they? The very pyramids have forgotten their builders, or to whom they were dedicated. Deeds, not stones, are the true monuments of the great. John Lothrop Motley

MILTON

PLACE me once more, my daughter, where the sun
May shine upon my old and time-worn head,
For the last time perchance.
My race is run;
And soon amidst the dead I must repose.
Child, is the sun abroad? I feel my hair
Borne up and wafted by the gentle wind,
I feel the odours that perfume the air,
And almost can forget that I am blind
And old, and hated by my fellow men.
Yet would I fain once more behold the light
Of day before I die, and gaze again—
Upon its living and rejoicing face.
Fain would I see thy countenance, my child,
But I will bend me calmly to my doom,
And wait the hour which is approaching fast.

W. E. Aytoun

The Great Bar to Happiness

SIN is the great block and bar to our happiness, the procurer of all miseries to man both here and hereafter. Take away sin and nothing can hurt us.

John Bunyan

Somewhere There Waiteth in This World

SOMEWHERE there waiteth in this world of ours
For one lone soul another lonely soul,
Each choosing each through all the weary hours,
And meeting strangely at one sudden goal,
Then blend they, like green leaves with golden flowers,
Into one beautiful perfect whole;
And life's long night is ended, and the way
Lies open onward to eternal day.

Sir Edwin Arnold

THE LIE

AFTER a tongue has once got the knack of lying it is not to be imagined how impossible almost it is to reclaim it. Whence it comes to pass that we see some men, who are otherwise very honest, so subject to this vice.

Montaigne

THESE FORGED THE WAY OF LIBERTY

THERE may be a fanaticism for evil as well as for good. I will not deny that there are persons among us loving liberty too well for their personal good in a selfish generation. Would there were more!

In calling them fanatics you would cast contumely upon the noble army of martyrs from the earliest day down to this hour; upon the great tribunes of human rights by whom life, liberty, and happiness on earth have been secured; upon the long line of devoted patriots who through history have truly loved their country; and upon all who, in noble aspirations for the general good and in forgetfulness of self, have stood out before their age and gathered into their generous bosoms the shafts of tyranny and wrong in order to make a pathway for truth.

You discredit Luther, when alone he nailed his articles to the door of the church at Wittenberg, and then, to the imperial demand that he should retract, firmly replied, Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise, so help me God!

You discredit Hampden, when alone he refused to pay the few shillings of ship-money, and shook the throne of Charles.

You discredit Milton, when amid the corruptions of a heartless Court he lived on, the lofty friend of liberty, above question or suspicion.

You discredit Russell and Sidney, when for the sake of their country they calmly turned from family and friends to tread the narrow steps of the scaffold.

You discredit the early founder of American institutions, who preferred the hardships of a wilderness surrounded by a savage foe to injustice on beds of ease.

You discredit our fathers, who, few in numbers and weak in resources yet strong in their cause, did not hesitate to brave the mighty power of England, already encircling the globe with her morning drum-beats.

Yes, sir, of such are the fanatics of history.

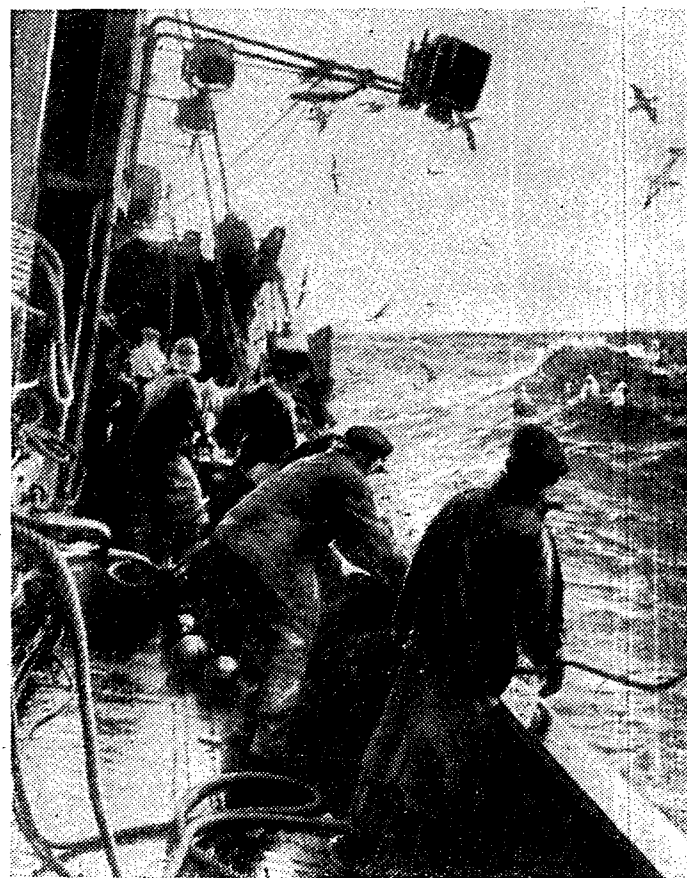
Charles Sumner, who stood alone in the U.S. Senate as the enemy of slavery and made this speech there in 1856.

The Glories and the Shadows

THE glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings;
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds:
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

James Shirley



The Fishermen Carry On in the North Atlantic

AUSTRALIA THE GREAT

The Men Who Marched Across the Continent

In our story of Australia, taken from Arthur Mee's Book of the Flag, we told last week of many brave explorers whose curiosity and determination took them into the unknown interior of the great Island Continent.

WE come now to those brave men who were to march overland across the continent. Edward John Eyre was the first of them, son of a Yorkshire parson. He walked thousands of miles overland, opened up ways for cattle, traced the courses of rivers, and on one tragic journey crossed the Great Australian Bight with three native boys and his overseer Baxter, as steadfast a companion as ever man had. They took nine horses, a pony and a foal, six sheep, a little water, and flour, tea, and sugar for nine weeks. The heat was terrible, and but for the water carried by the pack-horses they must have perished in the 135 miles of desert they crossed on their first march. The horses had no drink for five days, the sheep for six, and all baggage had to be abandoned.

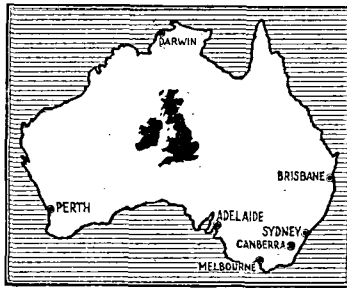
Eyre collected dew with a sponge to fill a quart pot, and the natives followed his example with wisps of grass. But they were resigned to their doom when suddenly, as by a miracle, they came upon a patch of sand with water five feet down. Now, however, the weather was icy cold at night, and Baxter and one of the boys went back 47 miles for the stores they had left behind, though in

four days Baxter returned to say that they had had to abandon their horses and come back empty-handed. Eyre went back himself, travelling the ghastly journey on foot.

One night Eyre took the watch while the others slept, and the restlessness of the remaining horses kept him on the move till he lost sight of the camp fire. Suddenly a shot rang out. The faithful Baxter had been murdered, and two natives had fled. Eyre was alone with a single native he could not rely on, and two murderers lurking not far off. They had plundered the camp and carried off most of the food.

A Miraculous Sight

He was in one of the wildest and most inhospitable wastes in this vast continent, 600 miles from human help. He wrapped a blanket round the body of his faithful Baxter and left him on the rocks, for nowhere could a grave be dug; and with his native boy at his side and the murderers on their flank like bloodhounds, so that they dare not sleep, they trudged on for days and nights, once discovering water, killing a horse to keep themselves alive, and then coming suddenly upon a miraculous sight—a ship. It was a French whaler passing by, and Eyre lit a fire on a rock. They were about halfway on their long journey, worn and thin, ragged and wild, looking like men risen from the dead. It



Little Motherland and vast Dominion

happened that the ship had an English captain and he kept them for ten days, when Eyre, refusing all entreaties, set out again for the last few hundred miles. They waded through raging torrents, fought their way through pitiless storms, and staggered into Albany a year and 26 days after leaving Adelaide.

It was in the days of Eyre that another Overlander set out to cross the continent from east to west. He was Ludwig Leichhardt, and his fate is one of the unsolved mysteries of Australia. He was a Prussian from Frankfurt, where he was born a few years before Waterloo, and his first expedition was in 1844. He set out again at the end of 1847, being last heard of three months later. From that day to this no more has been heard of him; all that was ever found was the letter L carved on a tree. The tragic mystery of the German explorer's fate is all the more pathetic when we remember that he had explored North Australia and opened up for colonising a new area of a million square miles, one-third of the continent.

For years men went searching for the missing explorer, one of them John Forrest, who travelled 2000 miles in seeking traces of the tragedy. He lived to explore on his own account and to do a marvellous thing, for he traced the track of Edward John Eyre and traversed the continent from west to east. He travelled through the heart of Australia with horses only, at times 300 miles without finding a drop of water, and 90 hours without a drink. It was in 1870, and the perilous journey took months. They gave him 5000 acres, but his best reward was that he became Prime Minister of Western Australia, was given a peerage, and lived to go over his journey again in a train.

A Primitive Hero

The story desert in the heart of Australia still held its secret, and now that men had crossed from east to west the dream of explorers was to go from south to north, as David Lindsay was to do in the nineties, one of the first men to reach the Northern Territory, where he found cotton growing wild from seeds picked up by birds no man knows where. Edward Kennedy had explored the northern route from Sydney to the Gulf of Carpentaria in 1846, and two years later set out to explore Cape York Peninsula with nine men and Jackie, his faithful servant. He met with great disasters, six men being left behind ill and three by accident, so that Kennedy and Jackie were left alone. One day the explorer was attacked by savages and died in Jackie's arms, and this primitive hero buried his master and brought his papers home.

TO BE CONTINUED

ARCTURUS AND VEGA

How a Star's Light Opened Gates at Chicago

THE two most brilliant stars in the northern half of the Heavens now adorn the evening sky, writes the C N astronomer. These are Vega, the more brilliant, which is in the north-east, and Arcturus, its golden rival, which is high in the south-east. The eye will distinguish little difference between them apart from their colour, the bluish-white of Vega being in strong contrast with Arcturus. Actually their differences are immense.

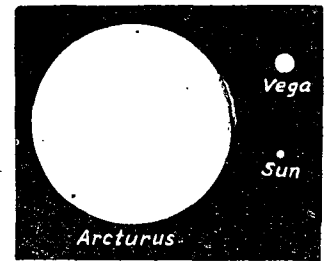
In comparative distance Arcturus is about half as far again, its light taking 40½ years to reach us, compared with 27 years from Vega, so, while Arcturus is about 2,563,250 times farther away than our Sun, Vega is about 1,707,850 times farther. Now, were it possible for them to approach as near to us as our own Sun, Vega would appear about 2½ times wider than our Sun but with a radiance 53 times greater of both heat and light. But Arcturus, belonging to the "giant" class of stars, would appear 27 times wider than our Sun, pouring out a hundred times more light and heat.

Useful Suns

We see, therefore, that in proportion to its size Arcturus is, surface for surface, not nearly so hot as Vega, which has a surface temperature averaging 11,200 degrees Centigrade as compared with but 4200 degrees of Arcturus, and about 6000 degrees of our Sun. Were our Sun as far away as Vega it would appear only as a faint fifth-magnitude star, while, as far away as Arcturus, our Sun would be scarcely perceptible to the naked-eye.

However, even at their great distances these suns may serve a useful purpose, apart from imparting a minute portion of their radiant energy to us and stimulating our thoughts to dwell upon the marvels of their rapidly rotating spheres of whirling fire-mist and cyclonic fury; all of which will, long ages hence, die down and most probably evolve worlds of great beauty. At present they are suns in a very youthful stage of their existence and unattended by any companion bodies or worlds in the making, so far as is perceptible. It would therefore appear that their colossal outpouring of their substance and energy in radiation is just a colossal waste. But do we really know this? For man, even the wisest, knows so very little compared with what there is to know. Anyway, so far as our little

world is concerned, the energy of Arcturus has not been entirely wasted. Human ingenuity saw to that, when, in 1933, the radiant energy of that far-off sun was used to open the Chicago Exhibition of Human Progress. The light from Arcturus was grasped by a great telescope and merely focused upon prepared apparatus (a photo-electric cell), and then transmitted by wire to the Chicago Exhibition where the great gates were made to open at the desired moment, and by suitable mechanism the Exhibition was lit



Relative sizes of Arcturus and Vega compared with our sun

up. The whole was effected by means of the energy which left Arcturus 40 years earlier.

Speeding continuously at 11,176,260 miles a minute, those waves of material energy and light race across the vast chasm of space in every direction. After some 40½ years an almost infinitesimal fraction alights on the disc of a great telescope when the mind of man sets it to work to serve a useful purpose. Who knows but that many grand purposes are served in other celestial realms by the light and energy of the stars. We have only our sight-sense, a solitary link, to reveal the glories of the Universe to us; without it, the Universe for us would not exist so far as we know. But what if mankind had a yet higher sense? An attribute that is not impossible under other environment. G. F. M.

Escape to Freedom

DURING the last few years countless stories have been told of men escaping from the clutches of the Nazis; thrilling they always are, and usually all too grim. One of the best of all the stories, however, concerning the escape of a Norwegian M P and three compatriots, is as amusing as it is thrilling, except, of course, to the bullet-headed Nazis who were outwitted.

The M P is Mr Carl Wright, who a few weeks ago was in a German prison hospital near Oslo, charged with working secretly against the Nazi regime in Norway, or, in other words, of being a patriot. One evening in February, a telephone message was received at the hospital, stating that the Gestapo would shortly arrive to take four prisoners to the main German prison in Oslo. Soon afterwards two Gestapo men drove up, and were taken by armed guards to the hospital's quising superintendent. After examining their papers, officially and correctly

stamped and signed, he allowed them to take the four prisoners to the waiting cars, Mr Carl Wright among them.

While the guards stood at attention the Gestapo men acted in the usual brutish manner towards the helpless prisoners, and then drove off with them, but as soon as they were out of sight they threw off the mask and revealed themselves as true Norwegians, come to the rescue. Ditching the cars, they all made off to a block of flats in Oslo, and after remaining in hiding for some time while German police were hunting them, they eventually made their escape to England.

The Count of Monte Cristo escaped from his prison in a weighted sack thrown into the sea, but although that was fiction it was not more thrilling, or improbable, than this true tale of four Norwegians who just walked out of their prison under the very eyes of their captors. The Nazis clicked their heels, and four men walked to Freedom!

BEDTIME CORNER



On the Way to Shut-Eye Town

DON'T THINK YOUR JOB IS DULL

It Is Saving Liberty For the World

How dull is your job? Are you grumbling because there are no thrills in the work you have to do?

Nearly all boys and girls who have left school, and some still at school, are working hard, many in posts of direct and vital importance to the war effort; but we do not doubt that they have their dull hours. We can understand it. Yet life is not really dull if you are serving a great cause.

The strange and unexpected lull in the Blitz, which has now lasted for three-quarters of a year, has many possible explanations. The optimists say that Hitler, faced by the peril in Russia and the tense watch in Libya, simply has not planes to spare for raiding us, much less for invading us. The pessimists say he means to do to us what he did to France—leave us alone and "let us rot" behind our watery Maginot Line, the English Channel.

Neither of these ideas may be right, or both may be right. True it is that the Russian Air Force has taken bitter toll of the Luftwaffe. True also that many of us are puzzled by the apparent inactivity of the German airmen in the West.

But the most that can be said about these quiet days and nights is that with them we have lost something of the stimulus and sense of adventure which made it possible for the Island to defy the all-conquering Nazis alone, even after Dunkirk.

When we think what that means, how can we complain of lost excitement, of departed daily thrills? In those terrible but glorious autumn days of 1940 Hitler already had most of the Continent under his heel, America was not in the war, and the strange pact between Russia and

Germany was still in force. Yes, the bastion had not fallen—but that, as American commentators hastened to explain, was the world's great miracle.

The neutrals had given us, after Dunkirk, 90 days at most to last as a free nation. We were utterly alone, because it was so obvious to the spectators that it was no use helping us. True, we were the last hope of freedom, but what is freedom in the face of tyranny triumphant?

Britain gave the answer then, in her most glorious hour. Since then she has made many grievous errors, suffered many cruel disasters. Her enemies in the great and friendly United States (haters of Britain first and foremost, now and always) are pointing the finger of scorn at her because the battle is not going too well. Britain is played out, they say, effete, incompetent.

But you, the boys and girls of Britain, took your share eighteen months ago in the last battle of freedom for the world. Your lives were risked, day and night, as they well may be at this very hour—even though you do think your job, whatever it may be, rather dull at the moment. That is where you can answer the cowards who would sell liberty here as Laval and Darlan sold it in France. So now, can your job be dull?

Thousands of Young Farmers Wanted

This year we are to grow in these islands more food than ever. At the same time there is a shortage of man-power, and so thousands of schoolboys will be wanted to help on the farms.

With the approval of the Board of Education, the Ministry of Agriculture has asked headmasters of all public and secondary schools to give what help they can by organising parties to work from schools in term time, by organising harvest camps for the holidays, and by arranging to place boys with individual farmers for holiday work. The work during term time would be for schools in agricultural districts, and would consist of potato planting, sugar beet hoeing, and potato lifting.

It is hoped that at least 500 holiday harvest camps will be held, with 15,000 to 20,000 boys making themselves generally useful on the farms, in addition to the normal harvesting. Special arrangements have been made for equipping the camps, and the Ministry of Agriculture will give financial assistance in the matter of fares and the cost of camp helpers. Boys will, of course, pay for their keep, but their earnings (8d an hour for boys of 16 and over, and 6d for those

under 16) will be sufficient to allow a few shillings for pocket-money after this has been paid. Camps will be treated as catering establishments, so that food will be adequate and good.

As an alternative to the harvest camps, boys who can work in the holidays may be placed with individual farmers and may work from their own homes or from billets near the farms.

The appeal is at present addressed to boys in public and secondary schools. Girls may be needed in some areas, and the question of elementary schools, with younger children, is under consideration.

Here is a splendid opportunity for Youth to strike at Hitler and enjoy a healthy holiday at the same time.

THE MOUSE ON THE THRONE

When Dr Garbett, Bishop of Manchester, is enthroned in York Minster as Archbishop of York, he will sit on a throne now being carved by Robert Thompson, the well-known wood carver of the village of Kilburn, whose sign, a mouse, will appear on the desk portion of the throne.

The Biggest Waste of All

NOTWITHSTANDING increased taxation and its effect on reducing the quantity of alcohol consumed by our people, drink expenditure since the war began has risen to extraordinary figures when measured by consumers' costs.

The national expenditure on spirits, beer, wine, and cider amounted to £257,000,000 in 1938, to £278,000,000 in 1939, and to £337,000,000 in 1940.

This is equal to an expenditure of £5 11s per head in 1938, to £6 per head in 1939, and to £7 per head in 1940. That is to count every head in the country, including the heads of non-drinkers and children. Of beer alone, £239,000,000 worth was consumed in 1940, or over three-quarters of the entire expenditure on alcohol.

It should be added that about half the total drink bill of 1940 represented taxes.

As to profits, the brewers made £34,000,000 in 1940 compared with £16,000,000 in 1933.

So, what with profit and taxes, the drinkers did not get good value for their money, even if the alcohol had been worth anything in the first place—and it is worth nothing.

Half Our People in National Service

Our Minister of Labour has been telling us some very interesting things about our population. It seems that half the population (men, women, and children) are now directly engaged in national service; this includes men and women in the army, navy, R.A.F., civil defence, and munitions. Thus the Government has become responsible for the employment of some 20 million people.

The mobilisation of our man and woman power has been a very extraordinary and admirable thing, and it is probably true that we have reached parity with the enemy in many forms of war production. Mr Bevin has a high opinion of our working women, whose war efforts have equalled or surpassed those of the women of any other country.

Iceland Baby

The Allied Forces in Iceland are ever on the alert for the wily Hun, but it is their pleasure occasionally to be of help to their Icelandic friends.

Recently a message was received at a Coastal Command station of the R.A.F. that a baby was seriously ill in a remote village on the northern shore. Hospital treatment was urgent, and this meant a journey to Reykjavik. Could a plane be spared?

There was no landing-ground near the village, but a float-plane belonging to a Norwegian squadron of Coastal Command made the journey. Baby was taken on board, wrapped in blankets, and on reaching Reykjavik harbour the R.A.F. launch was waiting to take the precious bundle to hospital.

So the planes of death are, if men are wise in time, the planes of life.

Look & Listen Before You Cross the Road

The Language That We Speak

WE were reading the other day that to write English correctly the student requires a knowledge of Latin, Greek, and French, and it was suggested that this is hard for young students. Yet we have all learned to speak English without much worry.

Whether we know it or not, we use words every day from other languages, but we are not conscious of the need to learn Latin and Greek and French to understand English. We owe the unique richness of English to the fact that we have added words from other languages for which we had no substitutes in Anglo-Saxon. Our Church terms come from Latin and Greek, our law terms from Norman-French, a host of commonly used words (clown, loft, blunt, plough, pig, ugly) came in with the Vikings.

Hebrew gives us such words as amen, cherub, jubilee, hallelujah, hosannah, and Sabbath. Arabic supplies us with algebra, nadir, talisman, zenith, zero, camphor, coffee, alkali, sofa, sugar, lemon, monsoon; and from the Turks we have taken sash and tulip.

India is represented in our speech by such words as bungalow, calico, muslin, and rupee; China by tea, junk, and satin. America gives us canoe, chocolate, cocoa, hammock, llama, maize, pemmican, potato, raccoon, and tobacco.

Besides all these and a myriad

others, we preserve words that were used by the ancient Britons with whom Romans and Anglo-Saxons commingled. We still use many of their geographical names, such as Avon, name of 14 rivers, and the Exe, the Ouse, the Dee, Don, and Thames, as well as Chilterns, Glamorgan, Kent, and the islands Arran, Bute, and Man; to say nothing of a great number of key syllables in names descriptive of physical features, such as aber (as in Abergavenny), meaning the mouth of a river; kil (as in Kilkenny), meaning a church, chapel, or hermit's cell; combe (as in Ilfracombe), meaning a valley, and ben (as in Ben Nevis) meaning a mountain.

Our language, then, is a harmony of many tongues. As we learn to read and write them we are not conscious that the words are from a foreign land; each is English to us. Ours is the finest of all languages, and we hope it is felt everywhere among our people that its study and use are worthy of efforts as continuous and as concentrated as we give to the cultivation of efficiency in golf, tennis, or cricket.

San Demetrio Comes Home

The petrol ration is going down. Those who think it hard may well remember how it comes to us. Perhaps they may be reminded of the story of the San Demetrio.

While a convoy was crossing the Atlantic a German surface raider appeared, sank one vessel and severely damaged another. The damaged vessel was the San Demetrio, an oil-tanker of 8000 tons. For some time the raider concentrated heavy fire on the tanker, which was soon ablaze.

At last the captain gave orders to abandon ship, 16 of the crew hurriedly scrambling into the boats, two of which pulled away, though one (commanded by Arthur Hawkins) remained within a few miles. For three days the open boat weathered wind and wave, the men shivering in the cold, and although for a time they lost sight of the San Demetrio, they found her again. She was then ringed about with flames, for oil on the water had caught fire.

The wind having gone down a little, Commander Hawkins (a worthy name for a successor of the great Elizabethan's) declared that they must go on board again. They steered through the flames, and at great peril climbed back

EVERY LITTLE HELPS

The Post Office prints about seven thousand million stamps every year and carefully saves the little pieces of paper stamped out by perforation.

The contribution to waste-paper salvage from this apparently negligible source: up to now amounts to over ten tons, a striking testimony to the age-old saying that every little helps, and a reminder to all of the importance of saving the tiniest scrap of paper.

SWEETENS CHILD'S SOOR STOMACH IN FIVE MINUTES

Mother! You'll be positively amazed how quickly a little 'Milk of Magnesia' sweetens a stomach made sour and sick by too much rich food. 'Milk of Magnesia' overcomes the sour acidity the moment it reaches the stomach. That sick, ill feeling quickly passes away and in no time the little one is as lively as a cricket. Then 'Milk of Magnesia' moves the bowels and relieves the system of the offending bile and undigested food which have made the child ill. At the first sign of sickness just give 'Milk of Magnesia' and nip the attack in the bud. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' today and have it handy. 1/5 and 2/10 (treble quantity). Including Purchase Tax. Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 7d., 1/11, 2/3 and 3/11½. (Including Purchase Tax.) Obtainable everywhere. Be quite sure it is 'Milk of Magnesia.'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

BRAN TUB

IN THE HOLIDAYS

LITTLE Willie's favourite uncle had arrived.
"Hallo, old chap!" said Uncle.
"And how do you like school?"
"I like it best closed," was Willie's reply.

Salts in the Dead Sea

BESIDES common salt it has been calculated that the Dead Sea contains 1,300,000,000 tons of potash, 20,000,000,000 tons of magnesium chloride, 850,000,000 tons of bromides, and large quantities of other salts.

WHAT IS THIS?

IN my first my second sat,
My third and fourth I ate—
What's that? *Answer next week*

Jacko Puts on Weight



WHILE waiting for a train at Monkeyville station Jacko decided to weigh himself. Standing on the weighing machine he could not see the dial very well, so seeing a heavy case near by he tipped it on to the stand and stood on the case. "Now I can see fine," said Jacko as he put his penny in the slot. What a shock poor Jacko received when the pointer whizzed round to 20 stone! And how young Chimp roared with laughter as he pointed to the heavy case!

THE SECURITY OF OUR LIVES

Boy. Will you let me talk to you, Sir, about security in life. So many people are troubled about their future, not only because of the war but because of the many uncertainties that attach to life in peace, that I wonder what can be done to make an ordinary citizen feel security.

Man. We could talk of nothing more interesting and important. You will remember that Shelley in his poem to the skylark contrasts the careless rapture of the ascending bird with the care and pain of human existence:

*We look before and after,
And pine for what is not.*

I fear we can never hope to escape from the penalties that attach to that looking before and after, upon which we build experience. The child, for a time, is removed from caring care. It has not to earn its living; it is provided for by its parents and has not even, like the animal, to seek for food.

As the years pass it becomes increasingly conscious that it will have to find a trade and earn its own living. From then onwards responsibility grows, and hope and fear contend as the past counsels the future. From this universal experience there is no escape, and no one can be bold enough to promise escape. On the other hand, society can do much to see

to it that those who do their duty by their fellows are relieved of cares which unduly burden the spirit. The most hopeful conception of society in relation to the individual is to regard a nation as a club which as a whole seeks to defend the individual by calling all its members to the aid of each of them.

Boy. We do that now in war, don't we?

Man. Yes, when a nation is in danger from a foreign foe it very plainly sees the propriety of setting the whole body of its people to prevent the injury of any of them. This we sometimes describe as calling on all the people to help the nation, but it is really calling on the people to club themselves together in mutual aid. So it might be, and so it should be, in peace; by wise provision, and by the care for the morrow, we can strengthen the entire national fabric, applying science to the training and culture of the individual and fitting him to make the most of his life.

It is true that that will not free the citizen from all care, but health and fitness are wonderful assets in life. We can also, by careful planning of the nation's work, give greater security to life and multiply opportunities for useful service; that would strike at the enforced idleness we call unemployment.

STARTING WELL

MRS SMITH was not a very good housekeeper, and her husband suggested she might manage better if she were to keep accounts. Returning from business one evening, Mr Smith asked if the first week's accounts were ready.

"Here they are, dear," replied Mrs Smith. "I've added up the figures ten times—and here are the answers."

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Neptune is in the south-east;



Jupiter and Mars are in the south-west; Saturn and Uranus are in the west. In the morning Venus is in the south-east.

The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 8 o'clock on Sunday evening, April 19.

BOYS IN SCHOOL

IN a certain school there are 165 boys. The 2nd form is half as large again as the 1st form. The 3rd form is three-quarters the size of the 1st form. The 4th form is two-thirds the size of the 3rd form. How many boys are there in each form?

Answer next week

Shakespeare Sayings

WE know what we are but know not what we may be.

Hamlet, IV 5

O, beware, my lord, of jealousy, it is the green-eyed monster.

Othello, III 3

Full of the milk of human kindness.

Macbeth, I 5

Marksman

A VERY remarkable creature which captures its prey by shooting water at it, is the Archer fish. The Archer fish lives chiefly on insects, which it obtains in this way, and is capable of shooting a drop of water as far as five feet.

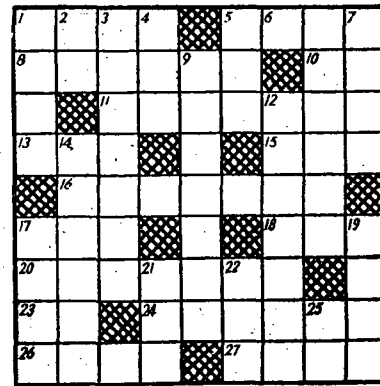
The Boy Talks With the Man

Boy. That would be a great blessing for the nation, wouldn't it?

Man. Yes; and it would be much more; it would improve employment so that the nation as a whole would be engaged in doing work which would strengthen it while improving the status of the individual citizen. A man is never so happy as when engaged in work he understands to be necessary and which is supremely well worth doing. If we survey society today we realise how largely it is engaged in doing things that had better not be done. A man engaged happily in good work may not be as carefree as a skylark, but he may well find a happiness unknown to a creature whose life is based on instinct, and knows nothing of looking before and after.

Boy. So that there is good hope that in a brighter future the ordinary citizen who works for his living may come to possess more security than now?

Man. Yes, men will undoubtedly come to see that life is too brief to be spoiled by quarrelling over unorganised and thoughtless work. When we add to domestic peace the disarming of the nations and the casting-out of fear in international affairs, human society will attain to a degree of security as yet unknown in any land.



Cross Word Puzzle

Reading Across. 1 Sailing vessel. 5 To head. 8 The garden succory. 10 Royal Engineers. 11 To make alive. 13 Barrier on a river. 15 Movable cover. 16 Small flatfish cakes, as of soap. 17 To put on. 18 And others. 20 In arithmetic, a whole number as distinct from a fraction. 23 North East. 24 To make known. 26 Brink. 27 To prepare for publication.

Reading Down. 1 To curve. 2 Not off. 3 Stubborn. 4 A valuable metal. 5 Border of a garment. 6 One skilled in painting. 7 Kind of grass of marshy lands. 9 Small community. 12 Changed. 14 Expired. 17 To eat the chief meal of the day. 19 An ancient Briton. 21 Before. 22 Mother of us all. 25 An A1 sloth.

Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks. *Answer next week.*

Do You Live at Penge?

THIS name, spelt in old documents Penceat, is a Celtic word meaning chief wood, and is no doubt a descriptive reference to woods which once stood in this district of South London.

50 per cent

MOTHER'S voice was heard calling from downstairs.

"Have you got your shoes on, Susie?"

Yes, mother, was the reply. "All except one."



"I say," said Roger, "there's no mustard in this sandwich! Somebody's got to have it. Last round that tree's the unlucky one. Right? Off!" Round and back in a flash—but not Mary.

"Roger! Jim! come quickly! See what I've found." In searching in a bush for her hair-bow that had flown off in her mad rush, Mary had found a leather case.



"A wireless deceiver," she cried, when Roger opened it. "Receiver, you mean," Roger growled, "and it isn't a receiver, it's a transmitter. Here's a notebook. Maybe the owner's name's in it."

But in the book there were only letters and numbers. "My stars! this looks like... A crackle of breaking twigs. A voice snarled. "Do not touch!" A large hand snatched the book from Roger.

"Look out, kids," yelled Roger as he brought the stranger down in a tackle that would have made his Rugger captain proud.

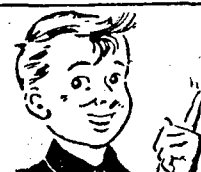


Quick as lightning Jim snatched up the transmitter and smashed it hard on the man's head. "We'll watch him, Mary—you bring the Home Guard from the post along the road—run!"

"What's up here!" said the Home Guard Sergeant, looking at the unconscious stranger, and then glancing through the notebook.

Said Jim:

"Glad we found it, as the woman said when the maid mislaid the Mustard tin"



Mustard is the hero of most "inside" stories—every boy and girl should remember that. It helps to keep your tummy in good working order so that the villains of the piece (aches and pains) don't have a chance to get hold of you. What a bit of luck— isn't it?—that meat is nicer with Mustard.

COLMAN'S MUSTARD